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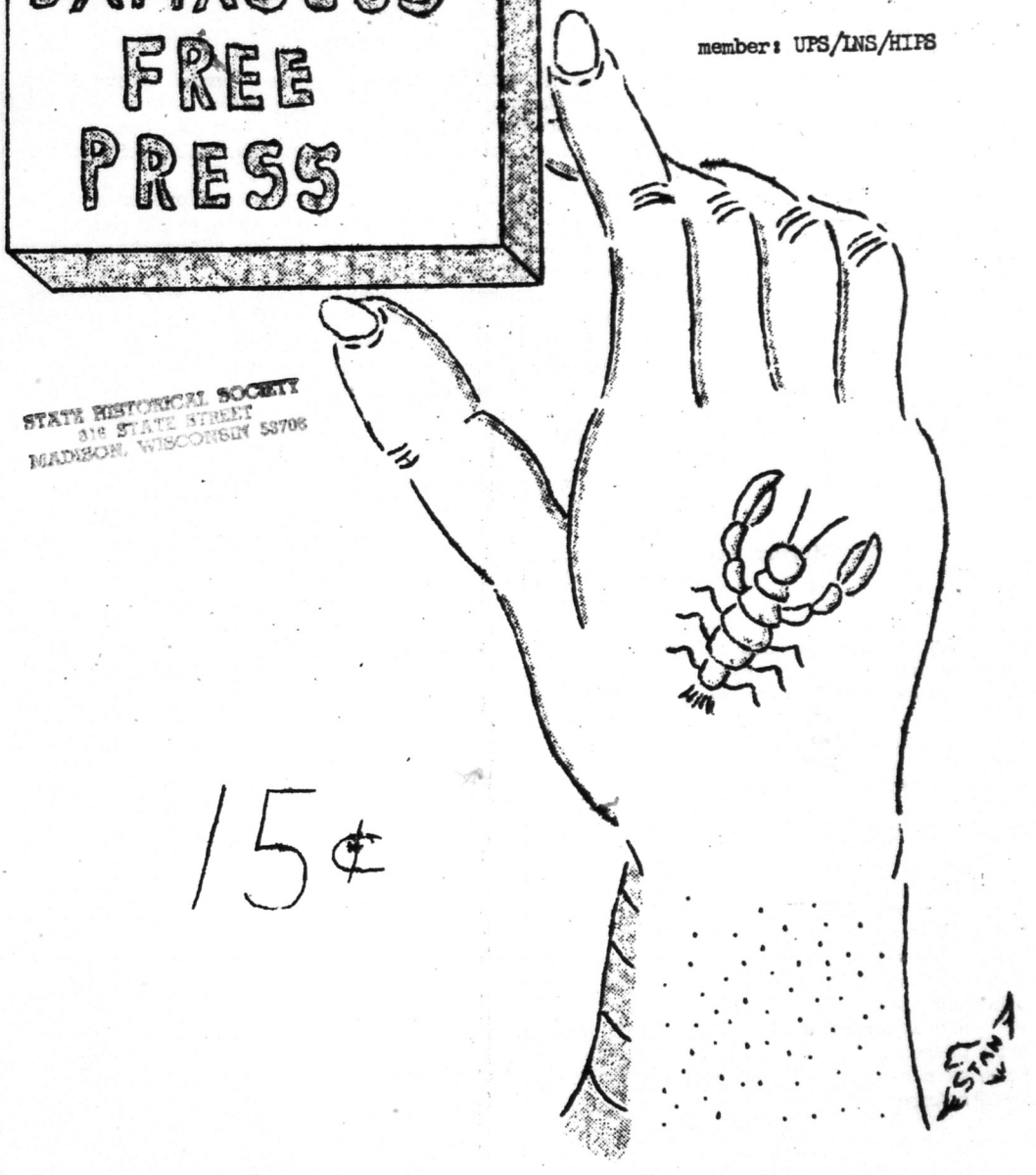

Vol. I, No. 6 July, 1969 Damascus, Md.

HARROLD

Harrold sat behind his easel, moving the brush across the canvas in swift, deft strokes, and Marian sighed happily as she watched the creation evolve before her very eyes. Two lovers. Warm, erotic, lively bodies, sensuous body motion in brilliant flashing colours, each stroke of the brush creating life and vigour into the canvas.

"Harrold," she said, "I think I understand it. You're trying to capture the despair, the intensity, and the isolation. You're symbolizing the loneliness, the subdued joy, the tragic alienation of the lovers. You're portraying the beautiful anguish of ultimate fulfillment. Right, Harrold?"

"Not really," replied Harrold, suppressing a yawn, "I just like to draw horny pictures . . ."

stan matis

Book Review

PLANET NEWS, by Allen Ginsberg
City Lights - 144 pages

O Great Spirit of Poetry has done it again, translated by Cosmic Jesus Allen on all his worldly wanderings. Certainly a long time coming, never since HOWL FOR CARL SOLOMON has more Real Allen been projected in one volume. On the back cover, Ginsberg lays out the history of a unique volume: "Planet News collecting seven years' Poetry scribed to 1967 begins with electronic politics . . ."

The book contains two types of poems; his Whitmanesque travel pieces and his everyday philisophical bitches. These two distinctions, each with their own style and allegory, usually stayseperate but sometimes merge as in his "Witchita Vortex Sutra" and "The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express" among others.

The best of the travel poems are moderately broken and employ their eloquence in every three or four lines; some good examples are "Last Night in Calcutta." "Vulture Peak: Gridhakuta Hill," "Cafe in Warsaw" and "Galilee Shore." While reading these, it sometimes seems as if every word were an outstanding achievement of great insight, and other times the colorless fabrication is like riding a canoe through rapids; you're glad when it's over, it then gives you something to think about. A perfect example is "Waking in New York:"

"lying on a thick carpet matted floor
at last in repose on pillows my knees
bent beneath brown himalayan blanket soft-
fingers atremble to pen, cramp
pressure diddling the page white
San Francisco notebook—"

But his simple odes to everday happenings and take-it-for-granted contraptions are far better than any of his road diaries. These verses portray him as the innocent minstrel, the cynical baffled Robin Hood that he really is. His "Sadhras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions" is a brilliant satirical commentary on the Status of Liberty and her metal-clad hypocrisy:

"Home of the Brave thou givest birth to the steel age before the
Hydrogen Age the
Cobalt Age earning power over the entire planets all futurity Male-
female spouse of the solar system"

In poems like "This form of Life needs Sex" and "Why is God Love, Jack?," he tells of his homosexuality as if he were mildly ashamed. His hate for McLuhan's world is obvious in "I am a Victim of Telephone" and "Television was a Baby Crawling Towards that Deathchamber." The latter deals with the Rosenberg executions among other events.

His inherent quality of great perception and descriptive genius is obvious and very present in short pieces like "Carmel Valley," "Portland Coloseum (describing a Beatles concert," "Drowse Murmers," "Uptown," and "First Party at Ken Kesey's with Hell's Angel's:"

"a hanged man
sculpture dangling from a high creek branch,
children sleeping softly in bedroom bunks,
And 4 police cars parked outside the painted
gate, red lights revolving in the leaves."

All one hundred and forty-four pages of PLANET NEWS is a miraculous carnival, a modern masterpiece by a beautiful madman. Sometimes I think we should thank that madman for just giving us back our sanity.

Richard Wirick

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Display Ad Rates- $9 full page
$5 half page
$3 quarter page
$10 back cover

Classified Ad Rates- 30¢ for the first 10 words or less and 1¢ for each additional word.

Apologies

HIGH

If you read the publishing statement at the bottom of the preceeding page, you might have noticed that we are now publishing wuarterly and that a single copy by mail is now 40¢ and that a year's subscription is now $1.20.

Now, you can holler and scream and kick up a fuss, but you nor I can't do a thing about it. The reason for the change, of course, is money. By putting out larger and less frequent issues, I save a lot of money on postage, and also a lot of time and energy because, except when the whole gang gets together to staple it together and stamp it and address it, I put out the DFP single-handedly.

The next issue of DFP will be published in October, and then every three months after that. Each issue will be about three times as big as this one. We're gonna cut out on the political bit and concentrate wholly on shortstoriespoemsrevie wsdrawingscartoonswhateverthehellstrikesmyfancyatthetimeetceteraetcetera.

This is the way your subscriptions will run:

Subscription Started	Length	Subscription Ends
January, 1969	One year	October, 1969
"	Two years	October, 1970
February or March, 1969	One year	January, 1970
"	Two years	January, 1971
May, June or July, 1969	One year	April, 1970
"	Two years	April, 1971

If your subscription is something cockeyed, like for 17 issues or something, don't sweat about it too much. I'll figure it out for you and I'll tell you when it runs out.

To Pamela Newcomb, who made the bitch about not having anything but Stan Matis on our covers: Well, I happen to like his drawings (can't ya tell). And I know you can get too much of a good thing, but you see, he's the only person who sends his drawings on a mimeograph stencil, and I don't want to try my luck duplicating someone else's drawings or cartoons on a mimeograph stencil. So please if you're an artist or cartoonist, send in your drawings on a mimeograph stencil.

Thanx for your reply to my cry for help (money wise). One person subscribed for a year in advance, three people made outright financial gifts and would - you-believe?, someone sent in $5 for two display ads which will appear next issue. I scrounged up some other money by devious means, so, after this issue, we'll have a-bout $25 in the kitty (an increas of $15).

I'd like to change the name of DFP. There's so many FREE PRESSes around, expecially in our area (One in Lancaster, Pa., one in Washington and one in Baltimore). Also, since we never were in the political bag, the FREE PRESS doesn't fit just right. I'd like to have a name that's really wild. Please send in your suggestions. Whomever's suggestion I use will get their name listed in the paper and he will recieve a lifetime subscription to DFP, or whatever it is then.

Having perused through an immense amount of underground literature during the past few months, I strongly recommend the following for your perusal (huh?).

BROADSIDE & THE FREE PRESS
P.O. Box 65
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Bi-weekly
$4.50/Year

Miami FREE PRESS
3305 Grand Avenue
Coconut Grove, Florida

Twice Monthly
$3.50/Year
$2 Half Year

REBIRTH
P.O. Box 2628
Phoenix, Arizona 85002

25¢/Copy

WIN Magazine
339 Lafayette Street
New York, New York 10012

Monthly
$3/ Half Year
$5/ Year

-B.C.

HELIOTROPE

Plaster me into a toilet wall
and i shall become your prophet.
i will watch as naked bodies
sprawl their lives with chalky fingers
before my face.
i will ask no questions
but absorb
their soulful words.
and i from my nebula
will be prophet of your world.

Sherry Hammond

JACKIE'S SNITS
(pull them snits, part three)

Jackie Adams was a lazy twerp, and had never done an honest day's work in his seventeen years, except occasionally take the garbage out and dump it on his mother, who waited in the back yard with her mouth open, and hair sprouting from her grizzled lips.

The neighbours wondered why she spent her time lying there, but Jackie wouldn't say. At night he'd take her teeth inside because they were valuable, and the neighbourhood was fraught with marauders, but other than that . . .

One night the old woman died. Jackie knew right away, because next morning he poured the garbage into her mouth, and when he returned two days hence (it still being a week-end) he found the food still there, except for what the cat Harrold had eaten.

They buried the lady deep, and hardly ever dug her up thereafter, except in the summer . . .

Stan Matis

ON TELEVISION AND FREE SPEECH

PETE SEEGER RAPS TV

I feel very strongly that the fight for freedom of speech in America during the next decade is going to be to free the screen and free the air — in many ways we enjoy the freedom of speech that we have is possible because the air is so unfree. Let me explain.

It's a little bit like the Army, where the officers tell the enlisted men: "You can bitch as long as you are in the barracks, but once you leave the barracks and answer roll call, then you keep your lip buttoned." And it's a little bit that way; we are told you can say anything you want almost, as long as it's on print and we can afford to pay the printer, which isn't completely true, but darn near true. This is possible only because the big medium of communication now is the TV screen, and this is, I think, controlled, and I believe you can't say a country has freedom of speech if their main medium of speech is not free.

Suppose you go to a little Latin American dictatorship, and the dictator says to his people, "You can say anything you want as long as you say it in your home and don't write a poem." We say that country doesn't have freedom of speech. He'd reply: "Oh, no, people are perfectly free to say anything they want here, just as long as they say it in their home. Now of course we can't allow them to hire an auditorium to say it, that would be distrubing the public peace. It'd be immoral!— or something like that. This is what we're told on TV. You can say it, you and I can talk together, we can say all sorts of crazt things, we can be all right or wrong, but not on TV.

I think that intellectuals too often act snobbish towards the TV medium - - say "Well, let the slobs look at the boob tube, I prefer to read a book that says something sensible." That is about as snobbish and unfair as a person to say, "Let anyone who wants to, swim in the polluted river, I have a swimming pool."

Now we know what we think of that guy. He doesn't care how polluted the river is but all the kids in town have to swim in it. He's not gonna do anything to clean it up because he's got a swimming pool. And it's the same way with the intellectuals and TV. They're not attacking the problem of the TV because they can read books. The average citizen is not a book reader. Now it's not because books and newspapers haven't got an important job to do. One of the things they can do is keep pointing out the fact that TV isn't free.

It's an outrage. The air belongs to everyone. The air belongs to the rich and poor, the black and white, the fat & thin, It belongs to the far right and far left, it belongs to the nudists, and vegetarians and the anarchists, as well as the John Birchers and everyone else. And everybody should get at least a snip of it. You needn't expect that everybody's going to monopolize the time, but there would be time in the big city with five or six TV stations, to have a little bit of everything every week.

(to be continued next issue)

(the above observations by Pete Seeger are excerpted from an interview published recently in THE SPECTATOR of Bloomington, Indiana. -Liberation News Service-)

Greetings and dubious felictations!

Stan Matis wherever you are I love you! And thanks so much for "clean dream number one (#3, March, 1969)" and "The Gospel According to Ky (#3, March, 1969)." I practically cried from laughter!

Yours,
Karen Farabaugh

Gary, Indiana

(Dear Editor),

Please take my name off the mailing list of the damascus free press. I never subscribed - (probably some joker) - & I don't have time to read it. (frankly, I think it's rotten). Oh well . . . so forget me. Thank you.

Jud Nadeau

Nashua, New Hempshire

Dear DFP (if I may be so bold),

I have read your paper and have found it to be one of the most entertaining I have ever read. I have showed it to many of my friends and they all enjoyed it.

The articles on gun control and families were very good; the DFP should recieve Pulitzers for them. "Driftwood," by Melissa Milford (#4, May, 1969) was like a teardrop or a snowflake. "The Snits of Justine" kept us all in stitches (on our snits) for weeks. Don't let this kind of humor die.

We all especially loved the cartoon on animal perversions. Stan Matis has shown us the real inconsistencies we have nowadays.

Please keep up the good work.

Respectfully,
Richard of York

Prattville, Alabama

Dear Editors,

Now, I truly don't mean to offend Stan (Matis), but couldn't you put something a little more artistic on DFP's cover? (Stan has done our covers for numbers 3, 4, 5 and 6) -Ed.) Couldn't you put something more distinctive on your cover? You do deserve it, you know.

Thoughtfully yours,
Pamela Newcomb

Norfolk, Virginia

BACKTALK

people,

this may seem a very fine way of getting across my messages, but it may also seem insane for a few of you that do not understand my purpose.

I am at present under lock and key (noy si ki) for a great number of various drug charges. at that time I was under eighteen (by two days - thank whoever and whatever) and my father was under contract by the univ. here so the heat shipped me here. I was really glad to get out last April and went back to Mexico for another load and was properly subdued by the local man and brought back. I will be released in a few months (july or august).

BEAUTIFUL??????????????????????????

if there is a chick out there who would like to accompany me on an all expenses paid trip to Mexico perhaps this fall or winter, please convey your desire, name, address, phone number, age, and any other nice words to this address:

Chuck Broyles
404 6th St. Apt. A-3
Coralville, Iowa 52243

I will probably not be there, but for now that is the only address I can give you to reach me.

Cher D.F.P.;

Issue no. 3 was great. all us cowboys jus' loved it.

Concerning your fourth issue: twenty weight paper is not the most prefferable material to mimeograph two sides of. Columns are not at all attractive unless they can be justified (that is, right margins straight) and printed on a press. Two pages of classified ads cuts dow n on reading material.

I can understand about the price of paper and all. But as for an all column layout . . . it needs to be mixed with full width layouts. At least when typing stencils, columns do not save space. The writers you have need all the space they can get to make a good paper. Which is why you maybe should enlarge to 12 pages with 2 pages of bulky ads.

as for the content, "the snits of justine" was really outstanding as was "inconsistent reality." There wasn't much else. Why not?

regardless
peace and love,
Josh
for
HOMESICK BLUE

Corpus Christi, Texas

GREEN GROAD MAGAZINE has lowered its price! They said it wouldn't be done and we did it! NOW, a sample copy of GG is available to you for the small sum of 20¢. 6 issues are $1 and twelve are $2. Send to: THE GROAD PRESS, P.O. Box 4251, gage center station, topeka kansas 66604.

HOMESICK BLUE is suspending publication for the summer. Unfortunately our business offices are closed more likely than open as we are all leaving town for a while. However, any correspondence should be addressed to: Josh, h.b., 450 Chase Dr., Corpus Christi, Texas 78412.

Any ideas on high school liberation? Help us! by sending your ideas to the Concord Area Concerned Students (CACS), c/o The Peace Center, Pleasant Street, Concord, New Hampshire 03301. And if you write, send any and all manuscripts to THE CONCORD UNION-LEADER, same address. Subscription by donation - preferrably large.

UNCLASIFIED

YOUTH AND NATION - the organ of militant Socialist-Zionism, Arab-Israeli reconciliation, and the kibbits movement in America. 5 issues for $1.25. Send to Hashomer Hatsair, YOUTH AND NATION, Room 709, 150 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

INCENSE - $1 per box of 24 cones. We have ROSE - ROSEMARY - UNCROSSING - BENEFICIAL DREAM - and EXODUS. Order by name. Candles - $1 each. We have BLACK CAT ON HUMAN SKULL CANDLE - DOUBIE CROSS CANDLE - BLACK CAT CANDLE - and JESUS CHRIST HOLY ALTAR CANDLE. Order by name. Add 25¢ postage for orders under $2. Send to: THE GROAD PRESS, P.O. Box 4251, gage center station, topeka, kansas 66604.

High School media comes good at last. Yes, the New Penelope is now alive and publishing in the area with the third largest Birch Society in the nation. You can keep us in the black by subscribing ($1.50 for ten issues: $2.50 for twenty) or just by buying a sample copy, 15¢. The New Penelope, Box 8473, Phoenix, Arizon 85040.

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